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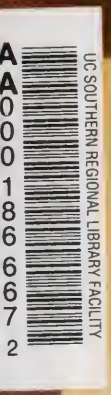

Warner

Cadets

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LOS ANGELES

AN ORIGINAL

AMERICAN COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

CADETS

WORDS BY MORRIS H. WARNER

MUSIC by G. A. KERKER.

NEW YORK:

RICHARDSON & FOOS, PRINTERS, 112 FOURTH AVENUE NEAR 12th STREET.

1879

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1879

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Miss MAY WALTON.
Mlle. AUGUSTE MASHUTH.
Miss MILLY JERRY.
Miss SALLY MANDER.
CAPTAIN TAYLOR MONTAGUE.
COLONEL SEMPRONIUS SNOOKS.
SERGEANT MAX.
CADET THOMAS A. HAWK.
CADET BILLY B. DASHED.

Schoolgirls, Vivandieres and Cadets, by a Full Chorus.

Time—Present. *Scene—America.*

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CADETS.

ACT I.

TIME—*Present*—*Summer.*—SCENE—*America.*

Picturesque play grounds, adjoining Military school. River with foliage back. CADETS *discovered at rise of curtain in fatigue dress, with base ball bats, Indian clubs, oars, &c. Some are seated near a flag-staff. At rise of curtain,*

THE U. S. A. CHORUS.

I.

We 're jolly sparks,
Off on a lark ;
We 're full of glee,
As you can see.
As jolly sparks
We 'll make our mark ;
Be Generals yet,
Each gay cadet,
As you will surely see—
We 'll ne'er go back on thee.
Now list to what we have to say :
We 're in the U. S. A.
The U. S. A.!
It is O. K.!
It suits both me and you,
And Uncle Sam
Don't care a "——"
If you pay your taxes P. D. Q.!

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II.

In every game
We 've made our fame,
From base ball to
A rowing crew.
We 've made our fame
In every game,
With dear old Hoyle
We love to toil.
Of course you won't forget
The U. S. A. cadet
Is game in any game we play,
For we 're in the U. S. A.
The U. S. A.!
It is O. K.!
It suits both me and you,
And Uncle Sam,
Don't care a "——"
If you pay your taxes P. D. Q.!

Tom. Yes, boys, that's so ! Uncle Sam taxes his mind very little if people mind their *taxes.* Don't you think so, William ?

Billy. I forget.

Tom. Am I not correct, boys ? And should not we thank him for this compliment ?

Cadets. Yes! Yes!

Tom. (*Mounting a camp stool.*) And as I said in my speech on "American Independence," is not our noble government worthy of all the encomiums that prose or poetry, pulpit or rostrum could pass upon it ? Does any page of our nation's history blush with a blot that would cast discredit upon a true American ?

Cadets. No! No!

Tom. Has not the ardor, zeal, valor, and patriotism of our land been recognized, from the snow-chilled peaks of the Arctic to the cactus-decked jungles of the Tropics ?

Billy. I forget.

Max. (*Outside.*) Halloo! Halloo!

Tom. That 's the Sergeant's manly voice. The jolly cadet

who rhymes and puns and puns and rhymes on all occasions. Let's give him a reception.

Cadets. (*As Max enters.*) Hurrah! Hurrah!

Max. (*Rushing in.*) That I am *welcome* here, and *well come*, hear,
We swear, not naughty words my cadets dear;
Swearing in the army *is wearing out,*
We now say U. T. S. for up the spout.

(*Bugle call.*)

Tom. Surely something extraordinary has happened. I wonder if that pompous and rheumatic Colonel Sempronius Snooks has come?

Billy. I forget.

(*Bugle call outside.*)

Max. I'm *blowed* if that *blow* don't call us *below.* I could *bellow* and return *blow* for *blow.*

(*Bugle call.*)

It's the worst *blow* you ever will receive;
They're playing *trumps* on us, I do believe;
We'll play our *suits* if that's their little game,
For we've more *tricks* than they, that's plain.

Tom. Oh pshaw! Let the Colonel come. We've got to be examined some time, and a prize drill is necessary in every military school, you know, even though it should cause our affectionate parients to open their hearts and pocketbooks. Then, beside, I'll have a chance to deliver my speech on "American Independence," which goes: "Is not our own dear Columbia the birth-place of talent, and the cradle of genius?"

Billy. I forget.

(*Tom, disgusted, is about to strike Billy with stool, when Max prevents him.*)

Max. Your *motion's out of order,* I declare;
I'll take the *stand* since you have left the *chair;*
Our *Bill* is a good one, as you once said,
So don't try to *pass this over his head;*
But while *time lasts,* let's improve the last time,
And *pass time* in singing in our *past time.*

Max. (*Solo and chorus.*)

"THE LIFE OF OUR CADETS."

I.

The life of our cadets
  Is gay beyond expression.
We have no vain regrets,
  And make no queer confession;
But often there are times,
  When our dear Mamma's dimes,
And Papa's monthly letters,
  Relieve us of all fears,
And strengthen our arrears,
  And somewhat soothe our debtors.

Chorus.—Yes! it's a pretty gay life,
  Free from toil and strife.
  So we'll merrily sing
  And make the air ring,
  For we're free from toil and strife!

II.

To congressmen are due
  Our present occupation.
We are placed here, tis true,
  Expensive to our nation.
But naughty little tricks,
  Known but to politics,
Have prompted the best cadet
  To say, if asked the cause,
"Why lawyers make the laws,"
  The simple words: "I forget."

Chorus.—Yes! it's a pretty gay life, etc.

(*Music. Enter Captain.*)

Captain. (*Recit.*) Hold! Hold! My comrades hold,
  Till a tale I do unfold!
Chorus. 'Tis our Captain bold!
Max. Wait, till the story's told!
Captain. Let every heart grow cold,
  For me cadets are sold!

Chorus. Oh! oh! he! he!
Max. Wait till the story's told!
Captain. Draw closer every one,
And list to what I say;
We have been played upon,
On this our own play day!
Chorus. Ah! ah! he! he!
Max. Wait till the story 's told!
Captain. I've heard a hint or two,
That sets my heart in whirls ;
We'll have a grand review
Before a lot of girls!
Chorus. Ha! ha! he! he!
Max. Wait till the story 's told!
Captain. These ladies we expect,
Now down the river float.
Shall we their smiles reject,
Or upset every boat ?
Chorus. No! no! no! no!
Max. So now the story 's told!
Tom. Who are the maidens ?
Billy. I forget.

Captain. They are lasses from the seminary adjacent, and have chosen this spot for a picnic ground.

Max. But, Captain, they have cut our *loaf* into;
I 'll take none *butter* who will prove true.
Captain. This meeting must be surreptitious.
Max. With *lasses* always use *syrup-dishes*,
And as no *mo' lasses* may come this way,
Be *gallant*, and make this a *gally day*.

Captain. Cadets, we must be on the alert, and not be drawn into ambush by these rosy cheeked intruders. Do not be captured unawares, as I have been, by one in the invading band, whose winning ways, dancing eyes and laughing smile have held my heart a prisoner these many a day. Her name is May, and although accompanied by her sprightly friend, Mlle. Auguste, and a bevy of beauties, this brilliant gem will lose none of its lustre. As the piquante Mlle. is coming I suspect our punning Sergeant will receive a just *pun*ishment.

Cadets. Oh, don't! don't!

Captain. Honestly, I meant no pun. I am too conscientious to infringe upon the patent right that Max now holds. You see, boys, Max and the Mlle. were in a fair way to be made one, but she grew jealous of the Sergeant's punning, and, as he was so devoted to rhymes, the match was broken off.

Max. Now why make *light* of such matches? For shame! Have none of you *sparked?* Have you no old *flame?*

Billy. I forget.

Max. Then be *for getting* yonder flag, Cadets;
I'll be forgiving, and we'll all forget (*Cadet brings flag*)
These *boisterous girls*, and with a hearty cheer,
Show ourselves *gallus boys.* Captain, step here.

(*Captain.*)

"HAIL TO OUR NOBLE FLAG."

I.

Hail to our noble flag;
Ne'er let your ardor lag,
But cherish every star and every bar;
The red, and white and blue,
Has always proven true,
In smiling peace, as well as bloody war.
Then, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Swell loud and long the patriotic cheer;
We have no foes to fear,
For friends are always near,
To fight and die for every star and bar.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And now a lusty tiger too,
We will be ever true
To red, and white and blue,
And fight and die for every star and bar.

II.

How gracefully it curls
As proudly it unfurls

To the welcome breeze its bright stars and bars;
On every land and sea
This ensign of the free
Is loved as well by soldiers as by tars;
Then, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hail to the flag we prize above the rest;
In North, South, East and West,
'Tis honored and 'tis blest;
We 'll fight and die for every star and bar.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Max. The tenor of that song proves we're not base;
It does not bary tone, that's out of place.
And our fine spirits, show us defenders
Of this flag, and first-class star bar-tenders.

Captain. As the picnic party is fast approaching, why not prepare a programme for the coming entertainment; fortune favors us, and fate has ordained that that intruding Sempronious Snooks will not torment us with another prize drill, or an electioneering dodge.

Captain. Why this mystery? What has happened, Billy?

Billy. I forget!

Max. Dear Captain, I have news for a *private ear*,
Not a *privateer*, so drop a *private tear*.
There's not a *private here*, would *deprive* it *here*;
But in *private*, *dear*. The colonel 's here.

Tom. Max is correct. The prospects are that my speech, "American Independence," will again be delivered to the patriotic colonel.

Captain. Colonel! Pshaw! True he had a number of fat contracts during the war, but colonel, never! Still he has influence which always sugar-coats a bitter pill. He is as vain as a girl, and flirts like a freshman. A perfect jack of hearts, and not a king of club; sold and rheumatic, too. A colonel? Bah!

Max. Yes, in war he made no big commotion,
And in peace, he made no locomotion.
A colonel made in Congress to the rule,
That in Congress governs our own school.

(*Bugle call outside.*)

Tom. 'Tis the Colonel! Who could mistake that martial bearing and soldierly stride?

Captain. And that limp!

Max. Yes, the *upright* Colonel this way is *bent*,
A *capital* fellow from the *capitol* sent. (*Music announcing Colonel.*)

Captain. Attention! Fall, in! Front, face! (*Enter Colonel.*)

Chorus. Thanks for this meeting,
We give you greeting.

Colonel. (*Recit.*) You greet me,
You meet me;
You treat me
According to my station.
I'll treat you,
I'll meet you,
I'll greet you
As the pride of our nation.

Chorus. We give you a greeting,
Thanks for the meeting.

"INTIMATING."

Colonel. I've just had intimation
That a general invitation
Has been extended far and near,

Chorus. Has been extended far and near.

Colonel. And an examination
Is under contemplation,
And will take place, my boys, right here.

Captain. An examination
Is under contemplation
Oh dear! so near! right here!

Chorus. Invitation, intimation,
Examination, contemplation,
Intimation, invitation,
Contemplation, examination,
Abomination.

Colonel. I have had anticipation
That there would be indignation;
But never thought that you would swear.

Chorus. He never thought that we would swear.

Colonel. Won't there be compensation
At this brief intimation,
Your guests, my boys, are ladies fair.

Captain. An examination
Is under contemplation.
Oh dear! so near! right here!

Chorus. Invitation, intimation, etc.

Colonel. I am welcome, I presume, and you are prepared for the examination, eh? Ah! no? (*Cadets nod.*) Yes? thanks! Of course, Cadets, you know that by rigid attention to the rules and regulations and the requirements of those competent gentlemen at the capitol, you will succeed. You grasp my meaning, I presume, eh? Ah! no! (*Cadets nod.*) Yes? thanks! Now, to business. An emblem of our country, our honored flag, will be the award tendered to-morrow, at the examination to-day!

Cadets. Hurrah! hurrah.

Colonel. A prize flag has been presented. I presume you would like to know the name of this honorable donor, eh? Ah! no? (*Cadets nod.*) Yes? thanks! Here is his card. (*Takes out large package marked: "Hon. June O Hoo," candidate for Congress," hands them to Billy.*) Please give these to the Cadets. Are you acquainted with the gentleman, eh? Ah! no. Yes?

Billy. I forget!

Colonel. Thanks! I have more left, which you are at liberty to present to your friends. Write to him, boys; he would like to hear from you, and it may be he will send you the Congressional Records or Patent Office Reports. By the way, he has prepared a luncheon as a surprise for you. Shall we see what it is composed of, eh? Ah! no? (*Cadets nod.*) Yes? thanks!

Cadets. Hurrah! hurrah!

(*Exeunt all but Captain, to U. S. A. Chorus.*)

Captain. Just to think that this compound of egotism and bombast, who wears the borrowed suit of a Colonel, should stand or rather halt between me and my love. Oh! why does May reject my suit, and accept his addresses? Perhaps it is only for diplomacy, as her father has an appropriation he wishes to pass through Congress, and the Colonel's influence is necessary. Should I win the prize to-morrow, I will advance my claims for her hand, for I know I have her heart.

"SHE LOOKS SO PRETTY."

I.

Captain. I've a sweetheart gay and handsome,
Without her smiles I feel so lonesome.
She ever is my only thought,
Her hand in marriage I have sought.
For she's so pretty,
And is so witty
She is my only sweetheart.
It is a pity
That this my ditty
Will never reach her sweet heart.

II.

She is a maiden proud and haughty,
Is rich, and knows how to be naughty,
Still always will I cherish near
To my poor heart, her memory dear.
For she's so pretty, &c.

(*Boat song heard outside.*)

Captain. It is the girls, and now to prepare the boys.
(*Exit.*)

(*Girls who have been singing softly during the Captain's speech float in in boats, with baskets, skipping ropes, &c. presenting a picnic party.*)

"BOAT SONG."

Girls' Chorus. Singing merrily
As the wavelets
Chase each other to the shore.
Laughing cherrily,
As the sunlight,
Tints with gold the dripping oar.
Gaily singing,
Laughter ringing,
As we glide along.
Laughter ringing,
Gaily singing,
In our joyous song.
Then as we glide and drift along,
Come join, come join, our joyous song,
Then as we glide and drift along,
Come join, come join, our joyous song.

(*Cadets enter, and join in chorus.*)

Cadets. Now, as you glide and drift along,
We'll join we'll join, your joyous song.

(*When the girls have landed Mlle. sings.*)

"THE MEETING."

Mlle. 'Tis a pleasure I admit,
That our beauty and your wit,
Have thus been united here,
Though it's not requited clear.
But young gentlemen, I say
On this beaming Summer day,
We are here to rusticate
And we come to recreate.
I really know not whether,
As we thus have met together,
If we should go, or stay right here,
With these gentlemen so near;
But to carry out our mission,
I will make this proposition:

Shall we go, or shall we stay?
You can all vote aye or nay.

Chorus. (*Girls, Cadets.*) Yes, we will vote,
Yes, they will vote.

Mlle. Ladies, what do you conclude,
Shall these cadets on us intrude?
Ladies, please now, let me know—
Shall we stay or shall we go?

Chorus. (*Girls.*) No, no, no, no, no.
Mlle. Or shall we stay?
Chorus. (*Girls, Cadets.*) Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Mlle. Well, I think I must relent,
And consent if 'tis pleasant;
All young girls will have their way,
So we'll stay and spend the day.

Chorus. We are glad she did consent,
For to us it is pleasant;
All young girls will have their way,
So we'll stay and spend the day.

Mlle. That this meeting is a surprise,
Gentlemen, you must admit;
We are illy prepared to receive,
Company cadets, as our costumes will vouch.

Tom. Pardon ladies, let this company of cadets receive you.

Mlle. Well as this is an event, we will set aside formalities and collectively represent one pleasure party. Let our aim be, mutual enjoyment.

Cadets and Girls. Bravo! Good, etc.

Sally. Horrid, what would society say?

Mlle. Where is May, she should have been here ere this?

Milly. She left us as we rounded the willows, to gather water lilies.

Mlle. That mad-cap girl is as adventurous as she is light-hearted; and by herself, too. That 's very imprudent.

Sally. Horrid! What would society say?

(*May laughs outside.*)

Mlle. Here comes the nymph, dashing through the snowy spray like a gleam of sunshine.

(*May floats in.*)

"THE MERRY SCHOOL GIRL."

May. The merry school girl you see,
Always teeming with glee;
Reading books day and night;
Books so gay and so light.
But there oft comes a time
When the school bell doth chime,
When to rest I must go,
And think of my sweet beau.
Oh, how dear he is;
My heart is only his.
He is a gay cadet,
He is my only pet.
For loving is so sweet,
If we could only meet.
Oh! meet!
Ah! meet.
If we could only meet.

Chorus. We're merry school girls every one;
We're jolly, playful, full of fun.
Then let us be happy this day,
Let us dance, and sing, and play.

May. My heart is light,
My smiles are bright;
I laugh at sorrow
In the morrow.

Mlle. But take care
And beware
The sunlight lasts awhile;
For the morrow,
Oft brings sorrow;
Then vanish every smile.

Chorus. Don't talk of grief,
For it is our belief
That we will but play,
On our holiday.

May. Then let us go on with our play,
And let no one say nay ;
For on this, our holiday,
We 'll be merry and gay,
And let every one say,
That the light-hearted May
Came this day,
Here to stay,
To sing, to dance and play.

Mlle. How imprudent of you, May, to be upon the water alone.

May. Scold me after awhile, please, there's a good Mlle. (*Aside.*) Isn't this jolly, and such dashing fellows, too; I 'll speak to them. How d'y ?

Mlle. May, remember where you are.

May. We are here, where freedom reigns supreme. Please let me break the fetters of propriety, and be myself for awhile, won't you ? And when we return, oh! I'll be so good, and will mind ever so many P's and Q's. But what I do now, you know, won't count. Have you seen the Captain ? No ! Pshaw! Nor Max ? Well, that's a pity.

(*Enter Max and Captain.*)

"RECOGNITION."

May and Mlle. 'Tis he!
Captain and Max. 'Tis she.
Max and Captain. What joyous delight
Is this moment of bliss,
There's no pleasure so bright
As a rapture like this.
'Tis a rapture so bright,
And a joyous delight ;
There's no pleasure like this,
In these moments' sweet bliss.

May and Mlle. Oh! this meeting is so queer.
Captain and Max. 'Tis my only love, my dear.
Chorus. They have met, they have met before.
May and Mille. I have met my only dear.
Chorus. They have met but to adore.
Chorus. It is evident, and clear,
These two parties have met before.

(*Song continues to finale.*)

* * * * *

[END OF ACT FIRST.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Park grounds adjoining Cadet school, flowers, &c. Two cannons pointing* R. *and* L. *to front. Statues and flags about the stage. School girls discovered at rise of curtain.*

"HOLIDAY."

Chorus. This day has brought pleasure
We had not expected ;
Its joy and its leisure
We have not rejected,
On our holiday,
To lure us away.

Away to the wildwood,
Where nature is dearest,
With scenes of our childhood,
That hold us the nearest,
To lure us away,
On our holiday.

The flowers are brighter,
The summer breeze lighter,
On our holiday,
To lure us away.
The birds in their singing,
A welcome are bringing,
To lure us away,
On our holiday.

Milly. Oh, how fortunate girls, to select these grounds ; and what a zest the cadets have given our enjoyment. Why, by ourselves, our picnic would have been as stupid as an old maid's tea party.

Sally. Horrid ! what will society say ?

(*May laughs outside.*)

Chorus. There comes May.

(*Enter May and Mlle.*)

May. Girls, assist me to persuade this model of propriety to step from her lofty pedestal. I 've got an idea.

Chorus. What is it ?

May. It 's a daisy. A surprise for the cadets at to-morrow's examination. Suppose we adopt the French plan, and meet them as vivandieres. True, the cadets are not soldiers yet, and may never be—until the next draft. The idea is novel, to say the least, even if they do not grasp our meaning. A vivandiere in fun-loving France means something. Why not institute something similar in this republic of plagiarisms ? Men have stolen our language, and compiled a dictionary from foreign tongues. Women could not dress now-a-days if it were not for imported fashion-plates, then why should not we peculate from military styles over the water ?

Chorus. Vive la vivandiere!

Sallie. Horrid! What will society say?

May. Oh, bother society. It 's governed by Mrs. Grundy now, so let us think of sure enough society—the society of the cadets—who, by the way, are in yonder grove awaiting us. Bear in mind our new venture, and to-morrow keep mum, and do credit to the American vivandiere.

Chorus. Vive la vivandiere!

(*Exeunt "Holiday" Chorus, all but Mlle.*)

May. (*Looking back.*) Say, you sweet, there—shall I say something sweet and soothing to poor disconsolate Max ?

Mlle. Oh! no! no! Please, don't!

Max. That means, of course, ta! ta!

(*Exeunt.*)

Mlle. Bless her heart, she knows my secret. It was my fault alone that Max and I were parted! Oh! false pride, how many aching hearts have you to answer for, how many vain regrets have you caused! Ah, me, could we but recall the pleasures of the past!

"THE PLEASURES OF THE PAST."

Mlle. Oh, how pleasures of the past
Will bring remembrance long forgotten;
Like a shadow they will last,

A dream of love,
A dream of love begotten.
Life was like a dancing sunbeam,
Free from every blight,
Sparkling dew drops in the sun gleam,
Glist'ning ne'er so bright.
Then I heard the brooklet singing
To the flowerets on its way,
Then I heard the old bells ringing,
Tinkling, tinkling, in their play.
Oh, youth!
My youth!
Dear youth!
Then my heart with joy was bounding,
Then my song with glee was sounding,
And the tuneful winds rebounding,
Sang the echo to my song;
Dreams of home will last
Forever, ever last.

(*Enter May, hurriedly.*).

May. Now I have done it!

Mlle. Done what?

May. Put my foot in it, as usual.

Mlle. What! have you rejected the Colonel, or have you accepted the Captain?

May. It's worse than that. Before we came on this excursion, I sent an advertisement to a paper published near here, requesting a cadet correspondent.

Mlle. Why, May!

May. That's nothing. The villainous paper has just arrived, and here it is. Listen.

DUET.—*May and Mlle.*

"WANTED, A CORRESPONDENT."

Wanted, by one despondent,
A cadet correspondent,
Who can demand

My heart and hand
If he can name
Any month he can remember,
From January to December,
To-night, by dark,
In the grand park.

Mlle. Then he can claim,
If he should name
Any month he can remember,
From January to December,
Your heart and hand?

May. He can demand
My heart and hand,
If he can name
Any month he can remember,
From January to December,
My heart and my hand.

Mlle. Pray why this alarm? How does this concern the Colonel or the Captain?

May. It is as simple as I am. There is a figure five at the bottom of the advertisement, is there not? May is the fifth month, is it not? My name is May, is it not? Both the Colonel and the Captain are acquainted with that fact, are they not? They both love me, do they not? Now to recapitulate, won't they see immediately, that the month to be named is May? Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?

Mlle. You certainly are in a dilemma!

May. Worse than that! I am in a fix! Every cadet has a paper, and to cap the climax they are all tight—oh won't there be a picnic in the park to-night. I guess not.

Mlle. This is no time for levity. Write a note to the Captain, of a discouraging character. His pride will keep him away. I will write a tender missive to Max, and try to bring him to my feet again.

May. Capital idea, but hardly original. I have two already prepared in case of an accident. One is very sweet, and the other very tart. You take the sugar plum, and I 'll 'tend to the lemon drop.

Mlle. (*Glancing at her letter.*) This expresses my sentiment exactly.

May. And this not mine. Ah me! how shall we send them? (*Looks off.*) Goodness, here they come! Let 's put the letters in those cannons. Quick! Quick! (*May puts letter in cannon*, R., *Mlle. in cannon* L.)

(*Enter Max and Captain.*)

"THE CANNON."

Captain. (*Recite.*) We meet, we meet again;
I 've searched for you in vain.

Max. (*To Mlle.*) You ladies have eluded us.
I 'm glad it has concluded thus.

Mlle. (*To Max.*) You 're dull of comprehension,
That was not our intention.

May. (*To Captain.*) To you I will make no retort;
The cannon will give my report.

Max. The cannon!

Captain. The cannon!

Captain and Max. Which one? which one?
(*Pointing to cannons.*)

May. The cannon!

Mlle. The cannon!

May and Mlle. That gun! That gun!
(*Pointing to cannons.*)

May. Your response!

Mlle. Your response!

May and Mlle. We crave! we crave!

Captain. Our response?

Max. Our response?

(*Captain and Max.*)

You rave! You rave!

(*Exeunt May and Mlle., singing.*)

The cannon! The cannon!
That gun! That gun!

The cannon! The cannon!
'Tis fun! 'Tis fun!
The cannon! The cannon!
That one! That one!
The cannon! The cannon!
We're won! We're won! [*Exeunt.*

Captain. (*Speaking.*) The cannon? Our response? Ah, I have it! See, there is something in those cannons.

Max. Then let's both together with our small arms
Attack the battery which gives alarms.

(*Both go mysteriously to cannons. Max gets letter intended for Captain and Captain the one intended for Max.*)

Max. To this male robbery we must *assent*,
Though we cheat Uncle Sam out of *a cent*.

Captain. (*Reads letter.*) Dearest friend of the past,
We meet again at last;
We meet to part no more.

Max. (*Reads letter.*) Intruder of the past,
We meet again at last;
We part to meet no more.

Captain. (*Reads.*) Darling, be submissive;
When you read this missive,
'Twill show how I adore;
I live to love, you know.

Max. (*Reads.*) I cannot be submissive,
When you receive this missive,
'Twill show how I abhor;
I love to live, you know.

Captain. Don't be despondent, Max, change to your lively mood.

Max. I *decline* all *moods* when my anger's *intense*,
Verb-age like this can't *predicate* good sense.

Captain. Fate, fortune and luck are the gamester's trinity. Love is but a game of chance, so cheer up, old boy. My heart I cannot leave behind. All else is yours, my friend. [*Exit.*]

Max. I can get no *comfort* from this *sheet*,
Oh, dash-*blanked*, why did we ever meet?

(*Throws it on stage. Takes out note book and writes*, "*False one, farewell.*" *Tears it from book and places it in cannon in which May had placed hers.*)

Cannon, I *can on* you not look again,
Or *weep on* a *weapon* that gives such pain;
I am opposed to you as a *penny post*,
Posted rightly you'd light *up any post.*

"FALSE ONE, FAREWELL."

I.

Max. False one, farewell,
We part forever;
This letter will tell
I loved you ever.
My heart is broken—
My poor heart—
And by this token
You know we part.
My love, farewell!
Farewell, my love!

II.

False one we part;
The love I cherished,
Dies in my heart—
All hope has perished.
Vows have been spoken,
Vows so true,
All have been broken,
My love, by you.
My love, farewell!
Farewell, my love!

(*Exit Max. Enter May.*)

May. He has gone, and before I could tell him how wicked and naughty I have been, and how very, very sorry and

wretched I am. (*Picks up letter Max has thrown away.*) 'Tis my letter. Will he cast me away as he did this? Oh, why did I write these cruel words? Now for his response. (*Takes letter from cannon.*) Alas! as expected. Oh! if he only knew how my heart yearns for his love. (*Sings.*)

"MY ONLY LOVE."

My only love, my darling,
  This cruel letter brings
To me a sad, sad story,
  That sunders my heart-strings.
The love you have rejected
  Will live alone for you;
'Twill die if not accepted,
  But dying will be true.
  Yes, true, so true,
My love, my love for you,
  'Twill ever, ever be,
  My love, to thee
    So true,
    So true,
Yes, dying, will be true to you.

May. Horrors! here comes that incorrigible Colonel. Shall I take revenge upon the Captain by being talked to death by this limping bore? My heart says "no," my nerves echo the same, and the majority wins. So here goes.

(*Starts to run off. Enter Colonel, who detains her.*)

(*Trio.—Colonel, Captain and May.*)

"PLEADING."

Colonel. Stay, do not leave me, dearest May;
Love me, my darling, love me, I pray;
Do not reject affection warm and true,
See, my poor heart is pleading to you.

(*Enter Captain.*)

(*Captain and Colonel.*)

Captain. Oh, fair and false one,
Why thus deceive me?
Oh, false and fair one,
Why do you grieve me?
Why break the bond, love,
Made by a fond love,
Why break the bond of love?

Colonel. Stay, do not leave me, dearest May;
Love me, my darling, love me, I pray;
Do not reject one fond and true,
Smile on one true to you.

May. Ah! lackaday,
What shall I say,
What shall I do?
If you are my beau,
I cannot, you know,
Love both of you.
I will be forever true to one,
But one of you I have to shun.
Oh, yes, it must be done.

(*Captain and Colonel.*)

Captain. Oh, false and fair one, etc.

Colonel. Stay, do not leave me, dearest May, etc.

(*May, Captain, Colonel.*)

May. What shall I do?
What shall I say?

Captain. I never thought she'd treat me so.

Colonel. I never thought she'd treat me so.

May. Who will advise me?
He does despise me.

Captain. She will despise me,
Who will advise me?

Colonel. My fond affection, fond and true,
Meets with rejection, dear, from you.

(*Exit May, hurriedly.*)

Colonel. So, sir, I presume at last we understand each other. Eh? Ah? No? (*Captain nods.*) Yes? Thanks.

Captain. Certainly, Colonel.

Colonel. 'Tis well. I presume you love the lady. Eh? Ah? No? (*Captain nods.*) Yes? Thanks. Sorry for you, Captain. There's no chance for you.

Captain. She has consented, then?

Colonel. Well, not exactly, but—that is—her father arranges those minor details.

Captain. (*Aside.*) There 's still hope. (*Aloud.*) I had no idea I had so formidable an adversary to cope with, Colonel. You have conquered. I congratulate you. Good afternoon. [*Exit.*

Colonel. Remarkably fine young man, possessed with fine feelings and a proper respect for me. I will see what can be done for him in the next secret session. (*Laughing heard outside. Colonel looks off.*) Tipsy, I declare! The cadets have taken advantage of a free lunch, that 's certain, and as Justice is blind, I presume I have to wink at this little pleasantry. There may be some influential young men in the party. Policy, Colonel, eh? Ah? No? Yes? Thanks. [*Exit.*

(*Billy and Tom outside, singing.*)

"DRUNKEN DUET."

We are two partners, so bold and free,
We never neglect our duty;
We are two lovers so free and bold,
And ever respect our beauty. [*Entering.*]

Billy. We are two partners, so bold and free,
Out on a little spree.

Tom. My boy, I am all right on the wine,

But you've been left on your beer;
Why did you not take the wine?

Billy. Why did not I take the wine?
My boy, I'm all right on the beer;
But you have been left on your wine;
Why did you not take the beer?

Tom. Why did I take the beer?
Beer makes us queer.

Billy. (*Aside.*) Beer makes him queer;
Wine makes us fine.

Tom. Wine makes him fine.

Tom and Billy. Give us the beer and the wine;
We'll be queer and be fine.

Tom. Here's a toast, friend, to the juice of the grape:
Hail to the joy-giving wine.
Why did you not take the wine?

Billy. Why did I not take the wine?
Here's a toast, friend, to the hops and the malt:
Hail to this beverage dear.
Why did you not take the beer?

Tom. Why did I not take the beer?
Beer makes us queer.

Billy. Beer makes us queer;
Wine makes us fine.

Tom. Wine makes him fine.

Tom and Billy. Give us the beer and the wine,
We'll be queer and be fine.

Tom and Billy. We are joyous if we have wine and beer,
Both have their followers here,
Both bring us joy and give cheer,
We 'll be friendly to the wine and the beer;
Cherish their memory dear.
Long live the wine and the beer;
Long live the wine; long live the beer!

[*Exeunt Tom and Billy.*

(*Enter Max and Colonel, with papers.*)

Max. This *paper here*, for which I *pay per year*,
Gives me the *right cheer*, and 'tis *right here*.
(*Reads.*) Wanted, by one despondent,
A cadet correspondent.

Colonel. (*Reads.*) Any month he can remember,
From January to December.
Why it 's from May. Do you see
That figure five at the bottom?
Eh? Ah? No? (*Max nods.*) Yes? Thanks!
Now watch, January, one; February,
Two; March, three; April, four;
May, five. Am I not correct?
Eh? Ah? No? (*Max nods.*) Yes? Thanks!

Max. Such summary notice, I 'll bet a treat,
Ignores the pensive pen of August sweet.

Colonel. I 'll take it; for look, now we will reverse the months, and still consider that same figure five. December, one; November, two; October, three; September, four; August, five. I 'm correct, am I not? Eh? Ah? no? (*Max nods.*) Yes? Thanks. So then we can expect either August or May at the mention of—(*Hums.*)

Any month he can remember,
From January to December.

(*Laughing outside.*) Here come the cadets; zigzaging this way. They, too, are searching for the mysterious correspondent. I wonder what has got into the boys to-day.

Max. Beer! They 've put a head on lager, I'll bet,
And lager's put a head on each cadet.

(*Laughing continues.*)

Colonel. They don't seem to be at *lager heads*, though; see? *logger heads.* Good joke, eh? Ah? No? (*Max nods.*) Yes? thanks.

(*Cadets enter mysteriously, with papers, bottles, glasses, rather tipsy.*)

"PAPER CHORUS."

Cadets' Chorus. January, February,
March, April, May,
June, July, August,
September, October,
And November,
Perhaps December.

Colonel. (*Sings.*) January, February,
March, April, May.

(*Enter May back, sees Cadets, sings.*)

May. So many men when I did one *mention*,
I'll tell the girls the joke and these *men shun.*

[*Exit May.*

Col. (*Continues.*) June, July, August
And September,
October and November,
And perhaps December.

Chorus. January, February, etc.

(*Enter Mlle. All rush towards her, thinking she is the expected one. Girls enter mysteriously.*)

Colonel. (*Recite.*) 'Tis the writer.

Max. 'Tis my August.

Colonel. She has come right here.

Max. What do you say?

Colonel. Your pardon I pray,
I thought it was May.

Max. To grant it I must,
For it is August.

Colonel. Though it is accepted,
I am rejected.
My May is not here;
I tremble with fear.

"LAUGHING SONG."

Mlle. Why, things are getting complicated ;
They are not what I contemplated ·
Instead of meeting you
I find here more than two,

Chorus. (*Cadets and girls.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! etc.

Max. This is a disappointment ;
It 's not as to appointment,
For I was coming here ;
To meet my only dear.

Chorus. Ha! ha' ha' etc.

Colonel. She treated me like you,
Asked for a rendezvous;
She used me as a tool,
And I feel like a fool.

Chorus. Ha! ha! ha! etc.

(*Enter May and Captain from opposite sides. Colonel rushes to meet her. Is thrown aside. Mlle. and Captain make advances to Max and May which are rejected. Recit.*)

Captain. See this letter.

May. And see these two.

Max. See this paper.

Mlle. 'Twas not for you.

Colonel. There 's some misunderstanding.

May. I did not write this.

Captain. Nor did I indite this.

Colonel. There s some misunderstanding.

Chorus. The future will tell
Which loving belle
Has the ring to-morrow.
When the bells are tolled,

The story 's told
Of joy or of sorrow.
To-morrow, to-morrow,
When the bells are tolled,
To-morrow, to-morrow,
Then the story's told.

Cadets. We 're a jolly set of boys, etc.,
We 're a jolly set of boys.

[END OF SECOND ACT.]

ACT III.

Parade grounds adjoining Cadet School. Flags, etc. River scene back. Two profile tents set R. *and* L. *Curtain rises on school girls dressed as vivandieres.*

(*Girls' Chorus.*)

"THE U. S. A."

We 're merry maids,
As you can see,
We 're merry maids,
And full of glee,
And merry maids
We 'll ever be—
Be married yet
To a Cadet.

As you will surely see,
We can 't go back on thee;
For this is all we have to say:
We want the U. S. A.
The U. S. A.
It is O. K.,

It suits both you and me
And Uncle Sam
Don't care a ——
If you pay your taxes P. D. Q.

(*Enter Mlle.*)

"VIVE LA VIVANDIERE."

Mlle. Life has its pleasures,
With joy 'tis laden;

Love has the treasures
Sought by each maiden.
Life in us teeming,
We have its pleasure,
Love on us beaming,
We find its treasure.

Chorus. Vive Le Vivandiere, etc.

Mlle. Vive Le Vivandiere,
Long live love and life!
My Vivandiere,
Be happy, joyous dears!
Long live love and life,
Vive Le Vivandiere.

Chorus. Vive Le Vivandiere, etc.

(*Enter May.*)

"THE GAY CADET."

I.

My sweetheart is a gay Cadet,
A Cadet gay, a gay Cadet;
His scars and wounds are few as yet,
For he's a gay Cadet.

He steps behind the band,
With sabre in his hand,
His head erect,
You would suspect
He'd fight all armies in the land;
He follows close the band,
With kid gloves on his hand,
His eyes turned right,
His buttons bright,
And kid gloves on his hand.

Chorus. He steps behind the band,
With sabre in his hand, etc.

II.

The only powder that for weeks
The Cadet gay, this gay Cadet
Has used, is now upon his cheeks,
For he 's a gay Cadet.

Chorus. He steps behind the band,
With sabre in his hand, etc.

III.

In tactics he finds but few charms,
This Cadet gay, this gay Cadet;
He likes best command " to arms,"
For he 's a gay Cadet.

Chorus. He steps behind the band,
With sabre in his hand, etc.

IV.

In Greek and Latin he is learned,
This Cadet gay, this gay Cadet,
But before he'd work he'd see you ——
For he 's a gay Cadet.

Chorus. He steps behind the band,
With sabre in his hand, etc.

May. Girls, you are just perfectly charming. I pity the poor cadets if they have any hearts—but what if they have not, they have eyes, and to see and be seen is the height of our ambition. Have the cadets left the armory?

Milly. Not as yet. Won't they be surprised?

Sally. Horrid! Think of society.

Mlle. Now, May, that your whim is satisfied and we have been transformed into vivandieres, what is the next feature on your programme of oddities?

May. First to thank you for giving your consent to this

masquerading, as you call it (*kisses her*), and next to inform you that Pa has discovered at last that Colonel Sempronius Snooks is a gigantic fraud, and has been accepting bribes from the other side, and the next—well, let that be a blank for the present. Perhaps the Captain may inform you.

Mlle. So my little rose turns toward the sun again. Capricious girl, you are an enigma.

May. Then do not solve me, for all the pleasure the puzzle gives is in the worry to probe it. When once the secret spring is touched, and the hidden mysteries are disclosed, then 'tis cast aside for other minds to conjure out its intricacies while we dissect the rosebud. We admire its painted leaves and tender folds, but tear its little heart out with cruel hands. So let me be your rosebud, your unsolved enigma. (*Music for Cadets.*) Oh, jolly! Here they are at last, and now, my darling vivandieres, be staunch.

(*Enter Cadets, with Max, in full uniform.*)

"CADETS' CHORUS."

Max. Halt, we have reached the lonely station
Which cuts short our brief vacation,
It is the spot to all so solitary,
Where the Colonel drills the military.

Chorus. Full of courage are we when 'tis peace,
For in war we always take our ease;
Ever ready for a fight,
Or, if necessary, for a flight.

Max. We are always in for sport,
Flirting, loving, singing is our forte;
We are always jolly, full of fun,
And from the ladies never run.

Chorus. Full of courage are we when 'tis peace, etc.

(*Enter Colonel.*)

Colonel. I am the Colonel of this regiment,
And drill these troops,

To any other soldiers, never,
Never will we stoop.
The reason why we never
Did the world conquer,
Because in any earnest fight
We never, never were.

Chorus. Because in any earnest fight,
We never, never were, etc.

Colonel. But when in war the drums do beat,
We will not hesitate to meet
The bayonet and cannon shot,
'Tis then we'll make it hot, hot, hot;
And marching on along we'll march,
We'll battle with the universe,
And marching on, along we'll march,
We'll fight—we'll fight—perhaps disperse.

(*Exeunt all but Mlle. and May.*)

May. How grand he looked, and how noble.

Mlle. Who? Max?

May. No! The Captain! I have always doubted that love was blind, and now I am convinced, or why should you only see the Sergeant, when my eyes were alone on the Captain. What a curious machine the heart is when out of order. I think I'll place a sign over mine, "closed for repairs," and employ the Captain to tinker at it. You had best engage Max to put yours in running order, and we'll demand the usual guarantee, "warranted for so many years."

Mlle. I envy you your position May; would that I had it: Ah! me.

May. I'll inoculate you with it (*kisses her*). There now you are infected, but before it becomes contagious, cast your vision on those tents. Do they not suggest rest for the weary, and invite us to a nap in the afternoon?

"A NAP IN THE AFTERNOON."

I.

Duet, May and Mlle. A nap in the afternoon
Is loved by every one;
The songsters forget their tune,
As slowly sinks the sun;
A nap in the afternoon
When all around is still,
When nature awaits the moon,
There is a pleasant thrill;
For moons have their play time
Alone in the day time,
And nap in the afternoon.

Chorus. A nap in the afternoon
Is the best,
It brings rest;
To banish sorrow soon,
Take a nap in the afternoon

II.

To nap in the afternoon
Your blinds or shutters close;
With fond memories commune
Throughout your noonday doze;
To nap in the afternoon
Think of the coming night;
From gems nearest the moon
Select one star-gem bright,
For stars have their play time,
Alone in the day time,
And nap in the afternoon.

Chorus. A nap in the afternoon
Is the best,
It brings rest;
To banish sorrow soon,
Take a nap in the afternoon.

(*Exit into opposite tents, leaving only their feet to be discovered.*)

(*Enter Captain.*)

Captain. Surely I heard female voices here, and I am positive that May possessed one of them. I cannot understand that maiden. She seems to love me, and always tries to misunderstand me. What claim can that Sempronius Snookes have upon her affections (*discovers Mlle's feet*). 'Tis she. Bless her little heart—I mean her little feet (*discovers May's feet*), and bless *her* little heart and feet. I 'll give them a wholesale blessing so as not to be mistaken; bless all their little hearts and feet. Would that May's were mine—her heart I mean, not her feet. Nobody looking—that's good, so I 'll give them both a noonday serenade. (*Sings.*)

"NOONDAY SERENADE."

Captain.

Dream, dearest mine,
Of the love I bear;
Sweet dreams be thine,
Dream, my darling fair.
My only dear,
Birds around with fear,
Say, in notes clear,
Love, oh, love me dear,
I ask it with fear;
In Cupid's name,
Love, oh, love me dear.
So ease my heart,
From sorrow and pain;
We must not part,
When next we meet again.

II.

Dream, dearest mine,
Dream the hours away;
Sleep, darling mine,
Through this summer's day.
My dearest one,
Zephyrs round thee play;
Watching the sun,
Kissing smiles away.

Oh, for the bliss
  Which the winds enjoy!
Oh, for a kiss
  Where the sunbeams toy.
Then ease my heart,
  From sorrow and pain;
We must not part,
  If e'er we meet again.

Mlle. (*Coming from tent.*) My darling Max.

Captain. (*About to embrace, when mistake is recognized.*)

Mlle. Pardon, captain, I thought—That is, I——

Captain. Spare your blushes Mlle., or mingle them with my mortification. Only a case of mistaken identity. Ha! ha! You thought I was the sergeant, and I, in turn, imagined you to be——

Mlle. May, of course. And I took those flattering words all to myself. Ha! ha!

Captain. You deserved them. I mean from other lips. Ah! there she is. (*Looks into tent.*) How tired she looks.

Mlle. Yes, like a ransomed bird, fluttering from the bars that late imprisoned it. At the first draught of freedom its wings droop, and, intoxicated with the new elixir prone it falls, to become again a captive.

Captain. Hush! some one comes.

(*Captain exits and Mlle. runs off.*)

(*Enter Max, who has discovered them with field glasses. Looks at Captain, and at May's feet.*)

Max. So, so, my bold Captain; that's your little game; *Auguste*, too! I *guessed* as much. For shame! Go on, Miss *Mashyouths*, *Mash youths*, if you will. You'll find this *orderly*, *orderly* still. I can't be a *disorderly sergeant.* When Taylor, my own Captain, *is her gent.*

"SNOOZE, SNOOZER MINE."

Max.

Snooze, snoozer mine,
  Snore of the hate I bear.
Bad dreams be thine,
  Doze my drowsy dear.

You little fraud,
Crows around with fear
Have often cawed:
"She 's no good, that 's clear."
I say the same.

I mean what I say,
I 'm not to blame;
"She 's no good, that 's clear."
My heart 's at ease,
You 've given no pain;
Do n't, if you please,
Speak to me again.

Max. (*Looking off.*)

Here comes the Taylor that has cut the thread
Which near entangled both my heart and head.

[*Exit.*

(*Enter May and Captain from opposite sides, hurriedly.*)

May. So it is to you, sir, I owe this insult. A snoozer, indeed? It 's just awful—that 's what it is. And from you, too, who proffered such undying affection. I am a snoozer, am I! Call me a snoozer now, if you dare! Oh! if I was only a man.

Captain. I—I——

May. Silence, sir. Did you not sing, or rather try to sing, just now? Answer me, sir.

Captain. I did.

May. And he acknowledges it, too, without a blush; preposterous! Leave me sir, instantly.

Captain. Then my ballad is spurned, and my loving words rejected.

May. Listen to the man! His senses have departed with his politeness. Loving words, forsooth! In what edition of Ovid did you find the loving word "snoozer" sir?

Captain. (*Aside.*) Surely she must have lost her wits. (*Aloud.*) Dearest, may I—

May. Don't come near me, sir! I 'm afraid of you.

Captain. Ah me; everything seems to go amiss with me!

Duet. Captain and May.

"A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."

Captain. A miss is good as a mile,
You know,
And the smile of a miss is mild,
You know.
But if Cupid's dart,
Has not hit her heart
Then a miss is as good as a mile.

May. No, I do not know!
No, I do not know!
For I never, never, never, etc.,
Felt the smart
Of Cupid's dart
In my young heart.
For I never, never, never, etc.,
Felt the smart
Of Cupid's dart
In my young heart.

II.

Captain. A miss is as good as a mile,
You know,
And the smile of a miss is mild,
I know.
I've shot Cupid's dart,
It has missed your heart;
So a miss is as good as a mile,
You know.

May. No, I do not know!
No, I do not know!
For I never, never, never, etc.,
Felt the smart
Of Cupid's dart
In my young heart.
For I never, never, never, etc.,
Felt the smart
Of Cupid's dart
In my young heart.

May. You have my answer, sir, I don't love you, never did, and I never will. There, now! (*Aside.*) Oh, what a fib.

Captain. Then farewell; we part forever. I will torment you no further with my presence. There was a time when—but no matter. Farewell.

[*Exits.*

May. Shall I call him back? No! He is too blind and stupid. Can he not see that I love him? Why did he not try to persuade me? I only needed a little coaxing. Oh, dear, if all lovers are like Taylor, then I pity their poor sweethearts.

[*Shouts outside. Enter Max hurriedly.*

May. What has happened?

Max. I must apprise you. Taylor's won a prize.

May. The captain! He has gained the flag? Oh, joy! oh, joy!

Max. (*Aside.*) This surprise shows the captain is her prize.

[*Exit.*

(*Enter Mlle.*)

Mlle. May, the captain has carried off all the honors. Now, are you not proud of him? (*Music outside.*) Here they come to present him with the flag.

(*Enter Max, Cadets and Girls. Cadets carry a large banner. Colonel and Captain enter, and are greeted with Hurrah! Hurrah! Cadets and girls congratulate the Captain.*)

Colonel.

"INVOCATION."

See this proud banner
  Of liberty!
    Bend every knee
  On land and sea!
It waves forever,
  Defiant and free.
We have a cause to cheer and to shout;
  Could Washington's dear flag bring doubt?
'Tis recognized on every coast,
  And proudly esteemed our boast.
    This standard

Our nation
Hold sacred.

Chorus. To thee, oh, banner!
We dedicate our life!
We 'll ever forever
Protect thee from all strife.

Male Chorus. When cannons roar
With musket and sword,
We will do the honor,
In deed as well as word!
We will ever be true
And follow you
Wherever you may lead on.
We will be brave
Until the grave
Does our grandeur feed on!
So dear banner, lead on!

Chorus. To thee, oh! banner, etc.

(*Cadet who holds flag retires back.*)

Tom. I'll incorporate the sentiment of that song in my speech on "American Independence," wouldn't you?

Billy. I forget.

Colonel. Will Captain Taylor Montague step forward (*captain advances.*) Captain, I congratulate you to-day. You have convinced me that all drills are not bores—no pun intended. You have done yourself credit, captain, and it is with pleasurable emotion that I present you with this reward of merit, this prize flag. You seem pleased, eh! Ah? No? Yes? Thanks.

Max. Bring the flag on here,

(*Cadets carry large bottle marked "Snookes."*)

Not the *flagon* dear,
The flag, I said, so bring the *flag on* here.

(*Cadet retires, and with several others bring in large box marked with the national colors, and the words "The Prize."*)

Colonel. Do you not feel like a hero, Captain? Eh? Ah?

No? (*Captain nods.*) Yes? Thanks. You are one. (*Opening box.*)

May. Oh! How my heart beats, and how handsome he looks.

(*Colonel feeling in box.*)

Mlle. I almost envy you. Oh if Max would only speak or even look.

Colonel. Ah here it is (*draws out very small flag*).

Cadets and Girls. Hurrah! hurrah!

(*Colonel about to give it to Captain, when it falls. Max with field glass finds it, and presents it to the Colonel.*)

Max. Though lost to sight 'twas to memory dear,
Does the box go with it, I see here.

(*Colonel gives flag to Captain, who pins it on his lappel.*)

Captain. (*To May.*) Now that I have carried off this trophy may I not aim higher? Can I not here, in the hearing of my comrades and your associates, press once more my suit?

Max. Do it like a genuine Taylor.

Colonel. Not so fast young men. (*Messenger brings Colonel dispatch.*) For me? Eh? Ah? No? (*Messenger nods.*) Yes? Thanks. Captain, I presume you are acquainted with the fact that everything is fair in love. Eh? Ah? No? (*Captain nods.*) Yes? Thanks. Then, according to logic, I 'll be everything that is. I 'll be fair in love (*shows dispatch*). She is yours if you desire her, Captain. (*Messenger brings Colonel another dispatch.*)

Captain (*to May*). Now can I advocate my claims? Love makes me brave. I 'll make the first advance. Do you surrender now? (*Embraces her.*)

May. Truly you have surrounded me, but how about this? (*Shows letter.*)

Captain. It is a mystery like unto this (*shows letter*).

Max. (*Shows letter to Mlle.*) How is this?

Mlle. I see it all now, May, those sugar and lemon drop letters of yours have done all the mischief. Captain, this letter was intended for you (*shows letter*), and the one you have was meant for Max. It was only a plan to circumvent the Colonel.

Colonel. Did you refer to me? Eh? Ah? No? (*Mlle. nods.*) Yes? thanks. Then let me show human ingratitude. Here (*shows the dispatch*), May's father discards me. Here (*shows the other dispatch*), the Hon. Goose O. Hoo, has been nominated and has ignored my labors. Such is life, is not it? Eh? Ah? No? (*All nod.*) Yes? Thanks.

May. But how about that horrid word snoozer, Captain?

Max. A snoozer! That word's not old;
'T was I said it—wait 'till the story's told:
When you, miss, were napping, I came betime,
Though 'twas not bed-time, and sang my rhyme;
I've a faint remembrance of using,
If I'm not mistaken, that word snoozing.

May. Then it was not you, Taylor. Am I forgiven!

"OH, LOVE ME."

May. Oh love, oh love me, darling,
My heart was always thine.
I loved, I loved thee darling,
You always have been mine.

Chorus. Her heart, her heart is given
To Captain Montague.

May. My heart and hand my darling
I only give to thee.
Oh love, oh love me, darling,
Love only, only me.

Chorus. Her heart, her heart is given
To Captain Montague.

Captain. Can I believe what I do hear
You truly love me so you say.
Another prize I've won to-day,
Come, embrace me, then my dear.
(*Embrace.*)

Chorus. Her heart, her heart is given, etc.

Mlle. Sergeant may I ask the same.
(*They embrace.*)

Milly. Thomas may I say the same.

(*They embrace.*)

Sally. No matter what society *may* say, William may I say the same?

Billy. I forget. (*They embrace.*)

Colonel. That 's correct, and although cut dead by my former friends (*to audience*) I hope I have your esteem. Eh? Ah? No? ——Yes? Thanks.

"FINALE."

Mlle. My sweetheart is a gay Cadet,
A Cadet gay, a gay Cadet;
His scars and wounds are few as yet,
For he's a gay Cadet.

He steps behind the band,
With sabre in his hand;
His head erect,
You would suspect,
He'd fight all armies in the land;
He follows close the band,
With kid gloves on his hand;
His eyes turned right,
His buttons bright,
And sabre in his hand.

I'm the colonel of this regiment,
And drill this troop;
To any other soldiers never,
Never will we stoop.
The reason why we never
Did the world conquer;
Because in any earnest fight,
We never, never were.
These gay Cadets in peace and war,
Our nation love, its flag adore;
They're gallant boys with maidens fair,
They love, they love, with jealous care.

Max. Full of courage are we when 'tis peace,
For in war we always take our ease;

Ever ready for a fight,
Or, if necessary, for a flight.
We are always in for sport,
Flirting, loving, singing is our forte:
And from the ladies never run.

Chorus. The U. S. A.,
It is O. K.,
It suits both me and you;
For Uncle Sam,
Don't care a ——,
If you pay your taxes P. D. Q.

(*Curtain.*)

[END THIRD ACT.]

WEBER

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES

Her Majesty's Opera Company, of London, to WEBEI

NEW YORK, December 28, 187

A. WEBER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* The following artists of Her Majesty's (Col Mapleson's) Opera Company, who have used ONLY YOUR, the Weber pianos their private use during their stay in New York City, while tendering t thanks for your kindness deem it their duty to say that for *Pure* and *Sympat Richness of Tone,* coupled with greatest power and singing quality, they kno no piano which equals yours. Certainly for sustaining the voice already forn or for the purpose of cultivating it, the Weber Piano is superior to any ins ment known to us.

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ETELKA GERSTER TO WEBER.

NEW YORK, December 16, 1878.
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DEAR MR. WEBER.—Thanks for the Grand Piano you have sent me. I li VERY MUCH, and find it VERY EXCELLENT. I shall be happy to RECOMMEND fine instruments on EVERY OCCASION. ETELKA GERSTE

MARIE ROZE TO A WEBER.

EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK, December 31, 18'

MR. WEBER —*Dear Sir:* I must thank you very much for sending me su magnificent piano. I have frequently heard in Europe about the WONDE TONE of YOUR PIANOS, but must confess they SURPASS MY EXPECTATION, fully merit the great reputation you have won for them MARIE ROZ

ITALO CAMPANINI TO WEBER.

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MY DEAR MR. WEBER.—With sincere thanks for your kindness in suppl me, during the season just expired, with the *excellent* instrument I now be return. Allow me to say, in justice to the instrument and its maker both, the RICHNESS AND PURITY OF TONE, THE CAPACITY TO PORTRAY FEELING, if I be allowed to express myself so, and the WONDERFUL POWER OF EXPRE characte izing your Piano, render the same INVALUABLE TO AN APPRECIATIVI TIST. Hoping to meet you on my return to the city,

I remain very truly yours, ITALO CAMPANI

WAREROOMS,

FIFTH AVENUE, Corner 16th Street, NEW YORK.

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